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Dana isn't your typical cookies and chicken soup grandmother. She's always been useless in the kitchen, hasn't knitted a stitch in her life and has never set foot in an antique store. No, this is not a usual granny. Since she'd had kids when she was very young, she felt more like a big sister, which meant that she'd never been very maternal. The kids seemed to turn out ok, so she must have done something right, even though never, for an instant, had she put her personal life on hold to create a more stable home life.

























Thirty fact have looks, a tained

Back in the day, Meridian was some pretty hot stuff. All the guys wanted to date her and all the women wanted to be her. She'd made her fair share of both friends and enemies, and given her freeloving lifestyle, who could blame her.

Thirty years later, Meridian refuses to accept the fact that time is catching up with her. Genetics have ensured that she's maintained most of her looks, and personality has ensured that she's maintained most of her naughtiness, so it's little wonder that she's still hard at it.











































Even now, she hasn't slowed down. If anything, she's sped up the process. Age has only brought her confidence, which means that she doesn't have any time for wishy-washy bullshit.





























Fare t

If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

It was a hot, breathless, mid-summer day and the last thing I wanted to do was pick strawberries under a scorching sun. But, unfortunately, that's what I'd been hired to do. So, I put on my gloves and headed down a dusty row of bushes, pail hooked to my belt, intent on picking more of the rosy-red fruit.

I wasn't alone, however. A woman was bent over about fifteen feet in front of me, her rounded butt jutting provocatively up into the air. Her heart-shaped bum filled her tight, sun-faded jeans like a strawberry dipped in chocolate fits a woman's mouth. I quickly lost all thoughts of work and gained many thoughts of play as I studied the woman's shapely caboose.

I was softly humming Strawberry Fields Forever when she stood up, turned around, and looked at me. Her eyes initially registered surprise, and then something all together different when they traveled down my torso and rested on the rigid outline of my cock.

I walked closer to the luscious woman, shimmering in the sun. She looked to be about twenty years older than my thirty, and her sultry Spanish heritage was evident in her brown skin, dark eyes, and long, silky, black hair. Besides the form-fitting jeans, she was wearing a light green halter top that barely managed to restrain a pair of over-ripe breasts. This Latina babe, I quickly concluded, was built for more



STRAWBERRY TART

pleasurable pursuits than picking strawberries at two bucks a pail.

"Hi," I said.

"Hi," she said back, smiling, her strong teeth flashing white and even.

"Why don't we take a break and go for a stroll in the woods over there – to cool off a bit?"

She looked to where I was pointing. "I no think so," she said. "Boss might..."

"Screw the boss!" I told her and took her hand before she could protest any further. I led her down the market garden path to the edge of a small stand of birch and pine trees. We walked a short distance into the woods until I found a large, flat rock in the middle of a clearing and we sat down on it.

"Have you been working this field very long?" I asked by way of small talk, staring into her brown eyes and her sun-kissed cleavage.

She thought for a moment, then said, "Si," and reached out and put her hand on my crotch.

This Aztec goddess obviously didn't believe in wasting time getting acquainted. Her hot little hand began stoking my sheathed meat and I

groaned in appreciation. I started fondling her big, brown jugs.

In the time it took to chug a strawberry daiquiri, we had shucked off our work duds and stood naked and glistening under the brilliant sun. "Ay yi yi," I marveled, staring with bulging eyes and dick at her lithe, bronze body, her heavy, mocha tits, her jutting, dark-chocolate nipples and her fur-sprinkled pussy. "You're gorgeous."

She pressed a slender finger against her full lips, signaling to me that what she wanted, and needed, was a little less conversation and a lot more action.

I grabbed her in my arms and pinned her super-heated body against mine. My straining cock caught fire as it pressed against her hard, flat belly. I pushed her back onto the sun-blasted rock until she lay flat — an Inca warrior-princess offered up as a sacrifice to a wrathful and horny sun god. I jumped on top of her and grasped another healthy handful of tit, before smothering her lips with mine.

"Si," she moaned, closing her eyes and extending her pink tongue.

I frenched her frantically, then fed on her delightful melons, vacuuming her thick, rigid nipples into my mouth, one at a time, and sucking. I squeezed her mambas together and gorged on both of her swollen nubs at once, bathing them with my hot saliva, worshipping her hooters with my hands and mouth.

"Fuck me!" she hissed, her nostrils flared, her eyes wide and blazing.

"Si," I gasped. I propped myself up on the sandstone platform and guided my rock-hard member into her steaming dish of salsa, penetrating her moist, pink folds until I was buried to the balls inside her cunt.



"Mmmm," she groaned, pulling my head down so that she could capture my tongue between her teeth and suck on it like she would suck on a raging hard-on.

"Yeah," I mumbled and plowed my cock into her pussy faster and faster and faster and faster, until I was banging that Latina hottie like a war drum. I pounded her hot, wet snatch over and over and over again, and she wrapped her long, smooth legs around my waist and urged me on like I was a bull and her pussy a red cape.

She licked at the sweat streaming off my face, gripped and slapped my quivering buttocks, and met each of my frenzied thrusts with one of her own. In way too short a time, I felt the semen in my balls start to boil over and I knew that I'd be seeding her pasture of heaven in a matter of seconds, but she beat me to orgasm with one of her own.

"Jesus!" she screamed, her agonized shriek sending startled birds rocketing into the air. Her gorgeous body was jolted by orgasmic contractions that I felt clear through my cock, and her massive mounds jounced around in rhythm to her ecstasy and my pussy-plunging.

I tossed back my head and let out a roar that could've crossed the Yucatan Peninsula, my cock erupting in a blaze of glory and blasting her flaming gash with white-hot jism. I flooded her with jizz, spasming over and over, showering her tight, pink insides with salty adulation. Until, finally, I shot one last load of spunk deep within her cunt, and then collapsed, exhausted, on top of her sweat-misted body.

When I'd regained a few of my senses, I kissed and licked up and down her dewy neck, fondled her huge, slickened globes, and said, "I doubt that we've got jobs to go back to, baby."

"Oh, I think we do," she replied in perfect English, eyeing me slyly. "You see, I own this farm."

-Tom Sessions



For Kara, retirement came early. She'd started her career young, made sound investment choices, so by the time she hit 55, she had put in the time and was financially secure enough to call it quits and start enjoying a more relaxed lifestyle. She'd always been so career-oriented that she had rarely taken time for vacations, which was something she was determined to change.







































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Sofia had basically spent her entire adult life working in the sex industry. As soon as she turned 18, she wrapped herself around a pole, doing some escort work on the side for extra cash. After the years started to pile up and her act was no longer as fresh as it had once been, she switched to working the counter at a sex shop (or working the back rooms, more often than not).













































































































































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Loving Couples Gone Wild

CHEAT ALL OVER ME

I heard the grunting and groaning as soon as I stepped inside the house. Then the cry of, "Fuck me, Mark! Fuck me hard!" That was loud enough for the whole neighborhood to hear.

Mark's my husband, and unless he was doing a one-man solo job with a falsetto impersonation, the guy was seriously cheating on me.

I dropped my purse and stalked down the hall, looking through the half-open door and into our bedroom. Mark was on top of a woman, pounding her pussy with his pile-driver cock, on our bed, the woman's legs wrapped around his humping rump. He'd said he hadn't been feeling well enough to go to church with me that morning. He sure as hell looked healthy enough now.

"Fuck! I'm-I'm gonna come!" the cheater bellowed, slamming the moaning woman with abandon.

She flung her head to the side and her dark hair flew out of her sweaty face. It was our neighbor from two doors down, Cassandra – a busty babe with a tanned, curvy body and a pretty, plump-cheeked face. I'd caught Mark ogling her big, split-peach bottom when she'd bent over at the neighborhood barbeque the previous evening.

Now, the randy bitch was clawing at my husband's back and shrieking, "Come on my face! In my mouth!"

Mark frantically pulled out of the woman's sucking quim and scrambled up onto her huge tits, leveling his pussy-slick cock at her face and stuck-out tongue. She knocked his hand away and grabbed onto the shaft of his shooter and pumped, pointing the gleaming cap at her wide-open mouth.

I smacked the door against the wall. "Just what the fuck is going on in here!?"

Mark twisted his head around and stared at me, his brown eyes wide and glassy as a rutting deer's in my glaring headlights.

Cassandra grinned, tugging on my husband's hard-on.

"Honey, I thought... I mean, I was just..." Mark stammered, before his dick filled in the rest. Because slutty Cassandra noosed his cock with two fingers, just below the bloated hood, and quick-pumped. And despite Mark's obvious terror at being caught flagrantly fucking another woman, he grunted, unable to control himself, semen spurting out of his cap and striping Cassandra's face and tongue.

I'd told the sexy MILF about the surefire two-finger, high-shaft jack technique the night before, at the barbeque, and now she yelped with joy, taking hot splashes on her forehead and nose and into her mouth. Mark bucking and blasting against his will, bliss-filled eyes fluttering at me.

I dashed over and eagerly licked my husband's spunk off our neighbor's face, as Mark groaned incredulously and jetted even harder. He sprayed both our faces, Cassandra and I swapping his salty sperm between us with our tongues.

I quickly got as naked as they were, filling Mark in on the fact that I'd sent Cassandra over for the seduction, with my blessing and instructions. I'd wanted a threesome with the beautiful slut ever since I'd first laid eyes on her, sunbathing nude in her backyard one day.

Mark got hard all over again. He kneed in behind my wagging bum and speared his cock into my dripping puss, while I spread Cassandra's lithe legs and tongued her snatch. Her snizz was strip-shaved, tangy and juicy as a plum.

She moaned and gripped her tits, my tongue getting bounced back and forth, up and down on her slit, as Mark

plunged his pounder balls-deep in and out of my twat. I caught Cassandra's fingertip-sized clit between my teeth and bit down, making the gorgeous bitch scream and shudder.

Then I got the tongue treatment, from Cassandra, as Mark unplugged from my pussy and plugged into her — ass. The look of sheer bliss on the woman's wanton face made me squirt some all on my own, my husband squeezing his slickened cap into her browneye, then spearing his shaft deep down her anus. Cassandra's eyes rolled back in her head and her hot, gasping breath flooded my juiced-up cunt.

Mark got a rhythm going, banging our neighbor's butt. Cassandra got back onto my pussy, digging her tongue into my slit and letting my man rock it Mark get an eyeful of lezzy loving, letting him fuck us as he wished; two pretty ladies, two wet, hot, tight pussies, craving his throbber.

He pistoned Cassandra, shouldering her legs and churning her tunnel. Then he was on top of me, pumping my pussy, his hot sweat peppering down on Cassandra and I as we swapped spit and sucked tongue.

"Fuck, I can't take anymore!" Mark groaned in our faces.

Cassandra and I rolled into each other's arms, and our over-stimulated lover pulled his shooter out and up, straddling our entwined bodies. We both grabbed onto his surging member and pumped, jacking sizzling spunk all over



back and forth inside me with his analthrustings. I rode Cassandra's bobbing head with one hand, gathering up my splayed jugs with the other, squeezing the shimmering mounds, pinching and pulling on the brimming nipples.

Cassandra sunk her teeth into my bloated clit and I screamed sexual ecstasy, shuddering as hard as she had, squirting into her face. Mark glared down at me, plunging his cock fullength into the bitch's hot velvet anus. Me and my BFF neighbor then lay side by side on the bed, kissing and frenching, feeling up each other's tits, letting

our faces and hair. We tongued the sticky load back and forth between the two of us, Mark collapsing onto our legs and watching in amazement and exhaustion.

Now, if I can only get that stuck-up blonde with the buff body and killer legs down the street interested, I can make things really exciting in our bedroom. Maybe I'll talk to him after church. Neighbors should share, is what I preach.

- Laird Long





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